

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM SCOTT

*T. H. Hawkins*  
*Pittsburgh*

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IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM SCOTT

Born in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania,  
May 8th, 1850.

Died in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,  
February 27th, 1906.



John Bunyan says: "Nature can do no less but entertain the living with many a heavy cogitation in the remembrance of the loss of loving relations." William Scott was as near to me as any relation. We were partners for nineteen years, and my grief is too heavy to be expressed in words.

The letters and telegrams received from lawyers all over the United States, from Canada and England, voice the universal esteem in which his professional brethren held him as a lawyer and a man. One of the leaders of our American Bar, telegraphing from New York, said: "William Scott was one of the wisest lawyers I have ever known." This seems to me a just and accurate estimate of his ability. It was his wisdom as a counsellor, his honesty as a man and his faithfulness as a friend that impressed me most.

On the first day of March, 1906, his friends performed the final act of friendship. We carried him to his last resting place in Allegheny Cemetery and laid him beside his only daughter.

"Grant to him eternal rest, O Lord,

And may the light perpetual shine upon him."

GEORGE B. GORDON.

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TRANSCRIPT  
OF  
Minutes of the Meeting of the Allegheny County Bar  
Association held at the Association Rooms, Court  
House, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 2nd, 1906,  
at two o'clock P. M.





The Allegheny County Bar Association met at the Rooms of the Association, pursuant to call of the Committee on Biography and History, the purpose of the meeting being to take suitable action on the death of William Scott, a member and sometime President of the Association.

The meeting was called to order by Frank C. Osborn, Chairman of the Committee on Biography and History.

On motion the Honorable Samuel A. McClung was elected President.

On motion the following gentlemen were elected Vice Presidents: Hon. M. W. Acheson, Hon. F. H. Collier, Hon. Wm. G. Hawkins, Hon. John M. Kennedy, Hon. Robert S. Frazer, Hon. Joseph Buffington, Sol. Schoyer, Jr., Esq., Hon. Christopher Magee, Hon. John Dalzell, H. A. Miller, Esq., Thomas Herriott, Esq., J. E. McKelvy, Esq., Charles H. McKee, Esq., and J. Ross Sterrett, Esq.

On motion the following Secretaries were elected: W. S. Dalzell, Esq., Percy G. Digby, Esq., Warren I. Seymour, Esq., and F. E. Pelton, Esq.

On motion the President was authorized and directed to appoint a Committee on Resolutions:

Whereupon President McClung appointed the following gentlemen as a Committee on Resolutions: D. T. Watson, Esq., Chairman; W. B. Rodgers, Esq., Johns McCleave, Esq., Joseph M. Swearingen, Esq., James H. Reed, Esq., Nathaniel Ewing, Esq., and George B. Gordon, Esq.

PRESIDENT SAMUEL A. McCLUNG THEN ADDRESSED  
THE MEETING AS FOLLOWS:

*Gentlemen of the Bar of Allegheny County:*

“Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in our midst?” You understand the object of this meeting. Death, that loves a shining mark, has surely found one upon this occasion, and has stricken a man who is known to us all. We speak of these occasions as meetings to do honor to the memory of the one who has gone. I think we will all agree that this Bar simply does honor to itself by filling this room, to express its appreciation of our departed brother, William Scott. It is not necessary to detail his qualities. You know them all, but we do well to turn aside from our avocations for a short time to contemplate the character of the grand man who has gone from us. That is what we come together for this afternoon.

He was a learned and able lawyer, a lawyer who would do honor to any bar; a lawyer of marked ability. He not only knew the law, but he knew how to apply the principles to the matters that came before him as a practicing lawyer. He was, as I heard it remarked yesterday, a wonderfully wise lawyer. Perhaps he was never excelled, certainly not within my knowledge, by any lawyer in his ability to do that which I have just suggested. He stood high, none excelled him.

He was not only a magnificent lawyer; he was something more. I had the good fortune to know him in his relations as a husband, a father, a son, a brother and a companion, and in all those relations he measured up fully to the highest that could be expected of any man. When we contemplate him as a whole, I am using no words of exaggeration when I say he was a great man. Many may equal him in some respects, but taking it all in all, it will be long before we shall see his like again.

He was descended from an honored father, and, as any one who knew him would infer, and as I can testify from knowledge, he was descended, too, from a noble and honored mother, one worthy to be the mother of such a son—as he was worthy to be the son of such a father and of such a mother.

On occasions of this sort we are filled with sorrow, and it seems somewhat curious when we analyze it, that that which causes, or at least which increases our sorrow, is, at the same time, our solace. The fact that our brother was cut down when he seemed to have still a mighty career before him, that he was cut down at an age which, considering his usefulness, was untimely; when it still appeared that he could do so much for his generation—all this overwhelms us with sorrow, and brings it over us like a flood, yet it is these very things that produce the proud recollections and the tender memories which are the solace of that sorrow. These he has left us, and left to his friends, and they are sufficient. They are all that could be left by any man.

Has our friend ceased to exist? Ever since the human intellect took such form and attained such development as to deserve the name, there has been a conviction that there was a life beyond. In modern phrase it is expressed: That the drama of life is not played out upon the stage on which we are acting. That conviction has been the conviction not only of the savage, but of the civilized and of the learned man. The fact that, in later days, some scientific men have made discoveries which have dissipated

into superstitions that which we thought was absolute truth, and have removed some of the excrescences from this belief, which even theology imposed upon it, yet they have not attacked, much less destroyed, the belief, and if we believe in a future life, we cannot look upon the life of our brother without believing that he enjoys, and will enjoy, an existence much better than it is our privilege to enjoy, or that he has heretofore enjoyed.

If we stand to the old faith, based upon the life and teachings of the Galilean peasant, which faith has done so much for the uplift of the world, so much for the living and the dying for 1900 years, we have the promise of the Great Master that there shall be a reward for him who even gives a cup of cold water in the right spirit. Shall we doubt there will be an abundant reward for this man whose whole life was spent in dispensing cooling drafts to those with whom he came in contact?

If we go further, and take the position of those who believe that the survival of the fittest applies to the world to come, as well as to the world in which we live, where shall we find a life better fitted to be projected into the great hereafter than the life of our brother?

These things are too deep for us. We cannot know them, but this we do know, that as to us he shall not die. While our memories survive he shall live in them.

“Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days,  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.”

REMARKS OF CLARENCE BURLEIGH, ESQ.:

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Allegheny County Bar:*

When Death, almost without warning, strikes down a good man in the very prime of his life and ruthlessly terminates a brilliant and useful career, one which surely would accomplish so much for many future years, it is small wonder we stand appalled and in the absence of all earthly reason or explanation are compelled to subscribe to the fact that the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable.

It can be truthfully said that in the death of William Scott this Bar has lost one of its leaders—this community an upright, honorable member—this State one of its most valued citizens. The news of his sudden illness was received with surprise and unfeigned regret, the sad tidings of his death caused real and sincere sorrow and grief to every man, woman and child who ever knew him. So universal was the respect and esteem for this man, so useful and essential was his life, so well was he equipped for the performance of all his duties, and so well did he perform them all, that his untimely end is nothing short of a professional and a public calamity.

He was a man in every noble sense that word implies. Kind and gentle, modest and unassuming, he went his way amongst us all for all the years he lived, winning and deserving not only the respect, but the genuine affection of every one. Even in these most strenuous years when the battle is so fierce and the fight is so hot, his life made for him friends of all, for enemies he had not one.

He was the soul of honor. Not only in his chosen profession, where he fully appreciated and consistently lived up to the very highest standards, but in his daily intercourse, in all his business transactions and social relations he was of sterling integrity and unimpeachable honesty. Truly he was a man with clean hands and a pure heart.

He was a delightful companion. Of handsome and refined appearance, ready wit, and abundant information concerning all the topics of the day, his genial manners infected every assembly, large or small, and his presence distinctly added to the brilliancy and pleasure of the occasion.

He was a lawyer, and a lawyer who was acknowledged one of the leaders of his Bar—the great and strong Bar of Allegheny County. I shall not attempt to recount his professional triumphs and



achievements. They were all accomplished in your very midst and long since were all well known to you. For many years he practiced his profession here and gave his time, his life exclusively to his calling. His business was large, the matters intrusted to his keeping concerned the greatest transactions of this community, and involved the highest care and responsibility. His fidelity and uniform success are conceded facts. His guidance and advice were constantly sought and he was known throughout Pennsylvania as one of the wisest counselors within her boundaries.

Like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky came the knowledge that he was fatally stricken, and then in a strange city followed hopeless days and nights filled with anguish, mental and physical. Tossing there upon his bed of sickness, he of course had one supreme wish—to go home—to be again in his own house among his friends and loved ones; there to abide and rest.

He came home. All that loving care and attention could do was done for him, and for weeks he made his futile fight for life. At last, in the arms of those he loved the best, he breathed his last—he rested from his labors—his work was done.

What is the only consolation ?

Upon occasions such as this we pause a moment from the distracting and absorbing duties of life and return to the beautiful and implicit faith of simple childhood. All intelligent men believe in the doctrine of the resurrection and life everlasting beyond the grave. Without that how vain and impotent is life. The Book of books tells us that in that undiscovered country there are houses beautiful beyond imagination—homes free from all earth's miseries.

If deeds done in the body count for aught, is it not surely true that when in the cold grey of the early morning of Tuesday last the messenger came for him, William Scott, your friend and mine, released at once from all suffering, pain and anguish, merely preceded those he loved; had his last wish gratified and simply—went home.

## RESOLUTIONS.

The Committee on Resolutions returned, after consultation, and D. T. Watson, Esq., Chairman, presented and moved the adoption of the following minute:

William Scott was born in Huntington, Pennsylvania, on May 8th, 1850. He died at his home on Bidwell Street, in the City of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, February 27th, 1906, at 3:30 o'clock of the morning, having lived a few months less than fifty-six years.

His boyhood, up until he was fourteen, was spent in the town of Huntington, where his father, the Honorable John Scott, then resided and practiced law. There the subject of these minutes attended the common school and fitted himself for entering Princeton College, which he did in the year 1864. After a regular course there he graduated in 1868 at the age of eighteen. His father in that year was selected by the State of Pennsylvania as one of its United States Senators, and William accompanied his father to Washington City and was with him as his private secretary until the end of his term in 1874.

From 1874 until the fall of 1878 he was engaged in the study of law with his father as preceptor, though he also for a time acted as secretary of one of the Senate Committees; was for a time a member of a Scientific corps that visited Colorado for geological exploration, and for a short time he was also engaged in the coal business near Huntington, his native town. On October 30th, 1878, he was admitted to the Allegheny County Bar, since which time he was one of us, sharing our struggles, adversities and rejoicings.

In 1887 he formed with the Honorable John Dalzell and George B. Gordon, the law firm of Dalzell, Scott & Gordon, which firm existed up until his death. In 1896 he was elected and served as the President of the Bar Association of Allegheny County, and in 1900 he was elected and served as the President of the State Bar Association, which latter Association in various capacities he represented subsequently in other ways, and for its welfare he labored assiduously.

On October 23rd, 1905, in the Supreme Court at Pittsburg, he argued the case of the Dollar Savings Bank vs. Pittsburg Plate Glass Company. This was his last case. For several months he had complained of indigestion and insomnia, and on the advice of his physician he left Pittsburg on November 23rd, 1905, for a rest.

Now, he is dead, what is the just and conservative estimate that the Bench and the Bar of Allegheny County, his brethren of the law, have of him as a lawyer, a fellow-member of the Bar, and a citizen?

As a lawyer he was studious, hardworking and accurate; well read in the literature of the law and was familiar with the leading cases of the State and Federal Courts which bear on the questions ever arising for solution from the varying circumstances of life and business in our community. He was a diligent student of the statute law of the state and of Congress, and it is but the exact truth to say that he was a well-read and learned lawyer.

His earlier life had fitted him in a more especial manner for the quieter part of the practice of law to which he in his later years largely devoted himself. His knowledge of men, of affairs at large,

of business, of bookkeeping, of stenography, of surveying, and various other branches of knowledge, peculiarly equipped him for what might be termed office business. From its inception in Pittsburgh, his practice was mostly in large matters. His earliest clients were men of great wealth, engaged in numerous enterprises and making numerous investments. Among Mr. Scott's chief works was the will he drew for the late William Thaw. As long and complicated as it is—covering as it does many kinds of property, creating as it did different estates and trusts, and having unique provisions, it is yet clear, consistent and satisfactory.

He represented the largest railroad corporations in Pennsylvania, and large industrial corporations sought his advice. Just here, his many admirable qualities made him a most valuable adviser. He had a natural tact and an obvious preference in the handling of the legal side of large transactions. He sketched and outlined with ease corporate proceedings and drafted and perfected the most intricate and difficult mortgages, deeds and contracts. For such a practice he was fitted by temperament, education and environment, and as such a practitioner he had no superior at our Bar.

He disliked and avoided, when he conscientiously could, the trial or argument of cases in court, but when duty called he was a most worthy and dangerous antagonist. As a case trier, his quiet, manly, honest and persistent manner impressed judge and jury. He seldom lost his temper, and he always, by his conduct of a cause, helped it, and exhibited it in its best lights. His mode of delivery in his arguments was calm and temperate, carrying with it his own belief as to the truth and justice of his cause. He talked in a conversational tone, but he used appropriate words, well grouped, and he always evidenced a careful study and preparation of his case.

His conduct, among other cases, of *Waring vs. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company* (176 Pa. 172), was a significant instance of his peculiar industry and persistency and skill in the management of a difficult case. In that case, contrary to the general opinion of the Bar, he convinced the court of the accuracy of his position and established a doctrine which has met with the sanction of the Bar of the State.

He was scrupulously honest, high-minded and honorable in all his professional life. He was a friend of truth, and he always sought the right. He thought

a lawyer's only duty was to advise his client what he believed the law to be, and he steadily refused to invent devices and devious ways by which statutory and constitutional provisions might be evaded. He revered his profession and taught that in its pursuit one could, alone in the true sense, be successful, who set his face against not only chicanery and fraud, but all dishonest methods.

All of us this day can truthfully testify that William Scott was worthy of all the honors that came to him in life, and our courts, the public and ourselves honor themselves when they mourn his loss. The Bar does recognize, and now for a record of its opinion of him, truthfully states, that he was a manly, Christian gentleman. An honest, able, conscientious, earnest lawyer. A citizen who believed in and worked for the purity of government. A devoted patriot, and not only a well wisher, but a firm believer in the future of his country. A friend whose genial, kindly manner rendered intercourse with him delightful. A man who left many friends and few, if any, enemies.

“And doubtless unto him is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit  
In those great offices that suit  
The full grown energies of Heaven.”



REMARKS OF MR. JOHNS MCCLEAVE:

*Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Bar:*

In the early morning of the 14th of last December, upon the steps of the Hotel Chamberlain, at Fort Munroe, I bade Mr. Scott good-bye. By his side stood a beloved and devoted wife. While then in great pain and obviously wasting away, no one knew the fatal nature of his malady, or supposed that that "God be with you" was a last and forever parting. Upon the 27th day of February he ceased to breathe.

A gentle gentleman, a proficient lawyer, without reproach, "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," has been taken from our midst. "It is finished;" not the butterfly existence of pleasure, but "the work—the work thou gavest me to do." Beautiful in his life, beautiful in his dying, standing by the coffin of William Scott, there comes involuntarily to the lips the paean of the Great Apostle: "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? For the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin

is the law, but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "The law" is the Talmudic formalism of the Jew, made nought, and worse than nought in the depth, the heighth and breadth of the love, mercy and charity taught and exemplified in the life of the Saviour of men. In the spirit of that life Mr. Scott lived. For the closing of an history so gentle, so just, so faithful to every obligation imposed, death can have no sting, the grave no victory. Birth, Life, Death, are and must remain to all humanity insoluble mysteries. Whence we came, why we came, to what purpose are we here and whither we go, are and must remain the subject of hope and faith without ascertainable knowledge. Beyond the portals of the tomb we cannot see.

Such a life as has just closed goes more to lighten the darkness of the very dark problems of human existence than all the arguments of Greek philosophy, or the faith of the Church. A life so kindly, so gentle, so just, leads to hope and trust, if not, in the language of the Prayer Book, to "the confidence of a certain faith," that it cannot wholly perish. "But you, too, O Judges, it behooves to be of good hope about

death, and to believe that this at least is true—there can no evil befall a good man whether he be alive or dead, nor are his affairs uncared for by the Gods.” These dogmatic words of the most spiritual of men, uttered 400 years before the birth of Christ, amid the perplexities and tragedies of life, remain the consolation of the human soul. They are the foundation of courage and of hope. A good life remains the basis of hope; there is that something about it that “knows not the bonds of time, nor feels the manacles of space.”

And more: His quiet, unostentatious life, devoted in humility, yet in all earnestness to the daily discharge of duty, with kindly sympathy, with justice for all, goes far to solve for us the worthy ends of life. Mr. Scott’s life had no pretention, and had no selfish end. Its purpose was expressed, in the language of the Church Catechism, “to do my duty in that station of life whereunto it shall have pleased God to call me;” comprehending in this term “duty” the discharge of all the obligations with which we are charged by our relations to all others bearing with us the burden of this earthly pilgrimage. No vaunting purpose to glorify; no thought of selfish enjoy-

ment animated this man's life. The word "duty" has become abused by its frequent use by the pretentious; but to Mr. Scott it forever remained, "Stern daughter of the voice of God." The quiet, competent discharge of daily work given him to do was his only end. Not a search for wealth; not temporary renown, by the advertising agent, so cheaply secured; but only the honest, faithful discharge of daily duty was his life. For the competent performance of this he worked diligently, and by his work acquired an information, accomplishments, and a judgment that won the respect and confidence and admiration of all who knew him. The personal honor of the man set the highest standard of honor for his profession. He once told me that he had always refused to own a single share of stock, or a bond, of any corporation that he represented. Man of reality; match him if you can.

He accepted for his rule of living the advice of John Locke, adopted from Pierre Nicole, the friend of Pascal: "Live the best life you can, but live it so as not to give needless offence to others; do all you can to avoid the vices, follies and weaknesses of your neighbor, but take no needless offence at their divergences from your ideal." And so he lived.

While gentleness of demeanor, born of generations of culture was probably his most obvious characteristic, he also had the firmness and courage that in ages gone made martyrs and advanced humanity. Hating things dishonorable and vile, he would have stood with Elijah before Ahab, with Papinian before Caracalla. He had the courage always to be honorable and just himself, and to condemn and to rebuke severely dishonor and injustice in whomsoever found, and not to hesitate about consequences.

In the severe training of his daily work, he did not lose, but carried with him, and nourished and extended, the loving kindness, the hope and the charity of his soul, that so endeared him to all. His life was a life of exacting, continuous labor. With a fidelity that permitted no shirking of any duty undertaken, there was for him no rest. In his last illness, suffering intensely, eternal peace settled upon his worn brow and wasted cheek, to abide and remain forever. The worth of the man never showed so well. He now lies still. We say in death. Death cannot close such an history. It must be that it is a transmutation; a development of life to broader and grander activity. He rests from the problems that

disturb us here. Rest, tired brain and tired soul—  
“the Eternal is thy refuge, and underneath are the  
everlasting arms.”

From

“All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,”

Thou art secure.

Let the winds of heaven chant his triumph.  
Death hath no sting: The grave no victory.

For those who loved him it is hard to part.

“But trust that those we call the dead,  
Are breathers of an ampler day,  
For ever nobler ends.”

REMARKS OF HON. J. J. MILLER:

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Bar of Allegheny County:*

It was said on a similar occasion, that it was not difficult to speak in whispers of your dead friend; that it was not difficult in the marts of commerce, on the street corners, or within these corridors and Court Rooms, to recount the virtues of the one who is gone. But it was a very different task in a formal manner, in this presence, to speak of him without exhibiting either too much emotion or too chilling attempt at eulogy.

Twenty years ago, I had occasion to institute proceedings in the United States Court for an Englishman, who had been the owner, but had lost, bonds of the Allegheny Valley Railroad Company; he desired duplicate evidence of these obligations, and was prepared to give security. At that time there was pending the action which had resulted in the Receivership of that Company. Erroneously I filed my application at that number and term. When it came to the attention of Wm. Scott, counsel for the Receiver, he kindly suggested that a better record

might be made in a different proceeding. He formulated and assisted me in obtaining the end. It was not the suggestion alone, it was the manner in which it was done; he not only ignored the mistake, but he gave encouragement and sympathy, which opened the door to an acquaintanceship most valuable and helpful.

Through him and a number of gentlemen here present opportunity was given some of us last October to meet the Justices of the Supreme Court. It was my good fortune to be placed by Judge Stewart and himself, he suggesting that the men from Huntington, Franklin and Somerset Counties might have something in common during that hour. He knew the Bench and Bar of those Counties as well as he knew the roads over their mountains and through their valleys; learned in those rides with you, Mr. Chairman, which are, I doubt not, among the most precious recollections of your intimate associations with him. That was the last I saw of him. Our association ended as it began; not only with my recognition of his ability and character, but with the affection, in which he was held by all who knew him.

To a limited extent, as a neighbor, I was permitted to see him at his home, where his tenderness



and devotion to his wife; his comradeship with his sons; and his consideration for those near and dear to him, made sacred the roof-tree that sheltered them all. To know him in that circle was an inspiration. To look with him through his telescope into the starry heavens, was to obtain a new grasp of the magnificence of nature; to ride with him through the country was to see a deeper blue in the sky, a greater glory in the rolling landscape, and to catch a sweeter perfume from the wayside flower.

The Minute before us and the tributes paid, conservatively and in moderation, speak of his great worth; to them I can add nothing, except to say that in those proceedings in our Court, involving great trusts and sacred inheritances, in which frequently diverse interests are not adversely represented, excepting as the Court represents them, and when it is absolutely necessary to rely upon the learning and the judgment, and above all on the conscience of the counsel which represent these interests; no one was a greater aid to the Court, and upon none other did it rely with more certainty and confidence than upon the judgment, the learning, the rectitude and conscience of our departed brother, in whose hands every conflicting interest received conscientious consideration.

His was a life honorably lived; a fight bravely fought, and a death courageously met. I violate no confidence in this presence by saying that in these last weary weeks and days when he was shut out from our sight, he was the same calm, serene, trustful man. Not afraid of the end; conscious that he had kept the faith and finished his course in accordance with the high Chrisitan standards which governed his every act and made enduring his great character. In all his years he prized his honor above the dollar mark; his path to success is not marked by any unworthy method; his life was so lived that he has left a splendid heritage for all; and not only this Bar, but this community and this State, has benefitted by the example.

It is said that our life is a book, our years are its chapters, our months its paragraphs, our days its sentences, our doubts and hesitations the interrogation points; but death is the period; eternity is the end. Every page of the book making up the life of this our brother is a record, clearly written without blot or blemish, making for the highest type of Christian character. "The wings of life are plumed with the feathers of death." Can there be any question that this plumage has opened the door, for him, to a land of serener airs and wider prospects?

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN DALZELL:

This unusually large gathering of the members of the Allegheny County Bar in honor of the memory of William Scott bears testimony to the universal esteem in which he was held.

It would be a mistake to suppose that it is expressive merely of the loss that the Bar sustains in the death of one of its most distinguished members. It is much more than that; it is part and parcel of the general sorrow which an entire community feels in the loss of a useful citizen, which has found expression wherever men meet to discuss Mr. Scott's seemingly untimely death, and which has been voiced in the public press. It is more than that even; it is the tribute which human nature pays to manly virtues, high ideals and the personality of one who in his daily walk and conversation wore ever the white flower of a blameless life.

It is not the dead that we honor, but ourselves, when we acknowledge our indebtedness to a life that has been an incentive to right living and the memory of which will abide for good. A plain, unassuming citizen, bearing no official title, holding no place of

power, William Scott commanded what neither title or place alone can command, the love and esteem of his fellow-men.

It was my privilege to know him intimately for more than a quarter of a century and to learn under varying conditions and diverse circumstances what manner of man he was.

There are two things that in my judgment contributed to the formation of his character. First and foremost, he was born into an ideal American home, where the domestic virtues were taught not by precept, but by example. His parents were Christian people both by profession and by practice. His father, during one term a Senator of the United States from Pennsylvania, was a distinguished lawyer, a wise legislator, and a man who in the white light that beats upon public places, maintained the high standards of his private life, and one whom the breath of slander never touched. His son, I have often thought, in many respects resembled him.

In the next place William Scott served as Secretary of his father's Committee while the latter was Senator, and of another Senate Committee for some time afterwards. Thereby he gained a wide knowledge of men and their methods and was brought into

touch with large affairs involving questions of national import. The industry and intelligence that were characteristic of him were displayed in this field of his activity, and it was impossible that he should not accumulate a vast deal of knowledge, not accessible save in the field of public life. Those who were not familiar with him could not realize his possession of this fund of useful and varied information on a wide variety of subjects. His Washington experience tended to make him a broad-minded man.

But Character, after all, is the resultant of many forces, some from within and some from without. Environment, whatever its influence, never by itself unaided either made or spoiled a really good man. Whatever may have been the influences potent in the life of Mr. Scott their results were the man as we knew, honored and loved him.

Above all things, his temperament was equable. He was well poised, remarkably so. His was a well-rounded character. Under all circumstances he pursued the even tenor of his way, not unduly influenced in this direction or that, but giving to every question involved its due weight. Hence his judgment was sound. As a counselor he was sagacious, wise, safe. His knowledge was always perfectly under the con-

trol of his judgment. He cared little for the excitement, the turmoil of the Courts. His mind was judicial, hardly that of an advocate. And yet when duty called he did not shrink from contest. But on his part the contest was a fair one. His weapons were the truth as he saw it, and he ever exercised all due fidelity to Court as well as to client.

He was a just man, with malice toward none and with charity for all. He preferred peace, but not at the sacrifice of conviction. On the contrary, he was courageous for the truth's sake and would brook no imposition. He was courteous, but firm and independent. Scholarly and accomplished, the refinements of literature matched well the refinements of his character. A strong, clean man, upright, he was loyal as any knight to his ideals and he walked in the light of them. Modest with a manly modesty, he was an affable and enjoyable companion and had a keen sense of humor. He was a true Christian gentleman and the world is better because he has lived in it.

Why, filling so large a sphere of usefulness, he was called to leave it, belongs to the inscrutable things that it is not given to us to see. "If a man die, shall he live again?" The question is as old as

the race. For answer we can only, nay, we must, reach out after the faith voiced by England's great laureate:

“Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He knows he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him; thou art just.”

After all, the legacy of his life is ours; and a heritage more than royal to those of the darkened household of which he was the light and center, shedding abroad in it the sunlight of his gracious presence.

HON. W. D. PORTER:

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Bar:*

In the composite picture which, upon the minds of each of us, represents the associations of the Bar, William Scott must always be a dominating influence with all those who knew him well. He was a distinct and positive type of man, not an aggressive man, but a man who, above all, or nearly all that I have ever known, seemed to accept as sound philosophy, the apostolic advice: "Study to be quiet, and to mind your own business, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world."

As a thinker, Mr. Scott was close and accurate. In the expression of his thought nothing was wasted in any attempt at ornamental display. Clearness and accuracy marked his language. Singularly mindful of the feelings of others, he was firm upon any question of right and wrong. Concerning non-essentials, he was unwilling to dispute. In his presentation of arguments his force was never abated by the heat of passion. He ever presented his case truly, fairly, and ably. It was the presentation of an honest mind, and the secret of his success was, that



his honesty was manifest. There was evidently in this man nothing of counterfeit.

The record of his life is closed. It is the heritage of the profession. It is to the credit of the profession that a life so conscientious, so devoid of attempt at display, so intentionally unaggressive save where absolute right demanded aggression, should be so manifestly approved by all, and we have here today a Bar meeting which indicates that this bar appreciated the influence of this man, and that forming lives will be influenced by this example.

REMARKS OF THOMAS D. CHANTLER, ESQ.:

*Mr. President, and Members of the Bar:*

Centuries ago it was considered beneficial to touch even the hem of the garment of a good man. William Scott was a good man, in every sense of the word. He was a good lawyer, a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, and a good Christian. None could come in contact with him without in some way being benefitted thereby.

Were he able to hear us to-day, I doubt if he would be pleased with fulsome eulogy, although it is difficult not to be extravagant on this occasion, yet I know that he would be pleased if he should hear us say that the predominating trait of his character was his downright honesty of purpose and sterling integrity.

Mr. Chairman, the Bar of Allegheny County does not lack brains, but I fear sometimes we do lack that downright honesty of purpose and that sterling integrity that so dominated the character of our dead brother. The gap that his death has made will be hard to fill. By his death the standard of the Bar has been lowered, for he was much above the average along every line.

NATHANIEL EWING, ESQ. :

*Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Bar :*

I crave privilege for but a word. I am unwilling to let this occasion pass with less, and I dare not trust myself to attempt more. It is true that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and it is also true that "the mouth obeys poorly when the heart murmurs." My heart cries loudly to-day for that dear friend who is no more.

Just forty years ago William Scott and I met on the Princeton campus, he a sophomore and I a freshman. We soon became friends, and concluded to room together. We secured a room in West College, and there, for two years, he and I lived together in that close companionship and rare intimacy excelled only by the marital relation. In that formative period of life, when we have not yet learned that words are employed to disguise thought, and when deeds are the product of impulse rather than of deliberation, the character of individuals is quickly manifested. In that way I learned to know William Scott, and knowing him, loved him. To my mind there is some defect in any one who could know, and

yet fail to entertain a sincere affection for such a man. He graduated, the youngest in his class, having evinced there that ability which his success in his chosen profession subsequently proved, and having there manifested those admirable characteristics which the remainder of his life only served to emphasize and to strengthen. He had a gentle kindness which was manifest in every word and action, and a ready charity which veiled his eyes to many of the frailties of others, where the ordinary man is all too prone to advertise and to magnify them.

He had a moral courage which made him always steadfastly stand for what he believed to be right, and was never intimidated or swerved from that course by any personal consideration whatsoever. He was steadfastly loyal. If he once gave his friendship it could be relied upon to the end. He never waived or faltered. He was of great understanding, and therefore slow to wrath. He did not harbor bitter or resentful feelings. His was not the disposition of the avenger, but rather that of the apologist and defender.

He possessed, as has been stated, rare good judgment and great equanimity. His calmness aided his judgment, his judgment approved his composure,

and the two inspired that self-reliance which supported and sustained him. The foundation and the capstone of all, however, was his sterling integrity. No man could be more thoroughly upright than was he. He was rectitude personified, and absolutely faithful to every trust.

With these qualities it is no wonder that he secured and maintained a position at the bar, in the community, and among his fellow men, which comparatively few men have attained. Nor, is it a strange thing that we here to-day mourn his loss, for such as he was are the very salt of the earth, and the taking away of one such creates a vacancy it is very difficult to fill.

And now we have lost him, in the very prime of his manhood and at the height of his usefulness and influence, and in our sorrow we would strew some flowers of appreciation and affection upon his grave—flowers, however, which the first cool breath we meet as we go hence will wither, and which the first breeze of everyday business activity will scatter abroad. But, in that book which memory keeps there will be a page sacred to the life and labors of William Scott; a page which we will scan again and again, to our profit and instruction in noble man-

hood, during the years yet remaining until for us, too, the veil is rent, and then we trust that we shall join him, where neither sorrow nor death can enter in.

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The minute presented by the Committee on Resolutions was unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and, on motion of S. Schoyer, Esq., a copy of the same was ordered transmitted to the family of Mr. Scott, and also to the various Courts.

On motion of Joseph Swearingen, Esq., the meeting adjourned.

*The Pittsburg Gazette.*

*Wednesday, February 28, 1906.*

WILLIAM SCOTT.

There are few men who can leave this world saying: "God bless my friends; I have no enemies." William Scott, who died yesterday morning, was one of them. A lawyer of rare ability and a scholar of high attainments, he was, above and beyond all, the very type and model of a Christian gentleman, and in the minds of those who knew him well and loved him best, the gentle attributes of his heart will long outlive the recollection of his many professional triumphs.

*The Pittsburg Post.*

*Thursday Morning, March 1, 1906.*

WILLIAM SCOTT.

In social circles and among his professional and business intimates the death of William Scott has brought a sorrow that will not be soon forgotten. But it is to the bar of Pennsylvania and to that of Pittsburgh his untimely departure brings the heaviest loss. He adorned his profession. He embodied in his devotion to it, and in his sustained view of its demands of a worthy member, all the best traditions that through the centuries have been linked with one of the noblest and most exacting of man's vocations. He was a lawyer.

He cared nothing for the forensic fencing before juries. If he entered court it was to present in behalf of a client the result of profound study of the books, reinforced with an inherited insight into legal principles, and offered in form concise as it was crushing in force. He recked nothing of the blandishments of juries by trick of story or personal flattery, or other wile of some attorneys. His reliance was upon the



law, and that he sought to find by hardest application. Thus it was he became an acknowledged counsellor of trust and safety, a recognized reservoir of legal knowledge, and by this he raised himself to his enviable rank among his colleagues.

He was peculiarly unobtrusive but genial, affable, and the most delightful of companions. That a lawyer in this old and proud Commonwealth, by sheer force of his own attainments, despising publicity or any of the modern ways of promotion, should have been chosen as president of the Bar Association of this State at his flush tide of life may compensate many who are trying to become lawyers like him. His life attests that the law as a profession can remain exalted.

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